

Thursday Night Strain

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Ambigious Reader, Fear Play, Other, Penny Is Such A Little Shit, Saliva Kink, Satire, Yall Know I Love Domestic Shit

Language: English

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-09-28

Updated: 2017-09-28

Packaged: 2020-01-21 10:58:32

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,353

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Penny is a little shit and you don't know why you put up with it.

Thursday Night Strain

"That fucking troglodyte is lucky I don't stuff her in one of the spare coffins. Stiff as she is, I bet her husband is a fucking necrophiliac."

Ah, the angry mutterings of a mortuary cosmetologist.

When you began such a glamorous lifestyle, you were only in it because the dead don't speak. Quiet hours with only you, some stiff ones and your arrangement of music, but the living often inflicted mental strain upon your life. Today, it came in the form of a worker that was just too *lively* and was in desperate need of a tranquilizer dart in each chakra point.

Between her overzealous use of blush—even on skin tones that did not call for bright shades—and insistent rambling, you were more than glad to sacrifice your freedom and kill her. The sewers were fine and Penny would have plenty to eat, should anyone come looking for you.

Honestly, you spent twenty three minutes of your break working it out, but decided against it. WiFi was a necessary construct to your *already* limited stability.

Making your way up the porch steps and clutching the keys harder than necessary, you jammed them into the lock harshly and nearly broke the piece of metal when turning it. To your relief and mild annoyance, said dancing clown was comfortable in your living room.

"You smell terrible." Came his muffled greeting.

A sneer crept across your lips. "Considering you smell emotions, I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that you can smell how pissed off I am. Also, I'm pretty sure I made a rule about keeping your snack drippings outside of my house, but you have a listening problem, so I just wasted a whole sentence."

"You smell worse now."

Heaving a dramatic groan, you threw your large pocketbook onto the

couch that the blasted clown was currently strewn upon and munching idly at what seemed to be the remnants of a child's ankle; blood smeared on his face and some splattered on the fabric of your couch. In retrospect, this was a dumb idea, as Pennywise tended to take up a lot of space, so the bag fell off and dumped the contents onto the floor.

You gave a strangled growl and slammed the front door shut, plopping yourself on the matching chair. For a few minutes, the only sound that filled the air was the crunching of bone and your electric heater running quietly. Eyes shut and trying to let go of the basic irritants of the day, you had almost managed to lessen your homicidal thoughts, until your constant house guest interjected.

"Ah, was it Linda?"

"FUCK LINDA, THAT STUPID CUNT. MY GOD, IT'S LIKE SHE GETS HER PANTIES WET FROM BEING OBLIVIOUS. WOMAN, YOU ARE A MORTUARY COSMETOLOGIST; MAKEUP LOOKS DIFFERENT ON A DEAD BODY THAN A LIVE ONE. IF YOU FUCKING PUT THAT SHADE OF FOUNDATION ON MR. ESPARZA ONE MORE TIME, I AM GOING TO FORCE FEED YOU FORMALDEHYDE."

Unintentionally, you had began to salivate in your burst of rage, to which the clown burst into a fit of giggles; doubled in laughter. Though you were still irate, the sound of his laughter did douse the embers of your irritation, if only a little bit. You just had such a low tolerance for blatant stupidity; it was physically painful sometimes, and occasionally made your skin itch.

Flopping back onto the chair, you toed your shoes off and kicked one at the giant beast that seemed to be eyeing you. It wasn't the *oddest* thing he's ever done—not by a long shot—but the staring always put you on edge. You rolled your eyes at him and sunk comfortably into the couch. "Now, you know good and well that I hate it when you do that. It's unnerving and do you even *blink*?"

No answer, but he did rise to full height and walk over to you; the unfortunate human instinct engraved upon your D.N.A. alerting you to back away. Sometimes, you really did feel genuine fear for Pennywise, but you blamed it on human nature. He was something so

against it that it could be hard to ignore the blaring lights that told you to run. However, your emotions were skewed; they had to be for you to willingly spend time with a horror such as this.

You had pressed your back firmly into the soft cushion and hardened your gaze with the chromatic blue boring down; fingers clutching the arm rests with an unconscious, shaking grip. Once standing right over your form, Pennywise shot hand to grip your throat tightly; causing you to screech and choke. Fear was ringing through your veins like church bells—that realization that you keep hidden away springing forward once again. No matter how interesting or entertaining you were, he was still an ancient evil that could end you in the most grotesque of ways.

Suddenly pulled up by your throat, the other arm came to hold your waist and press you firmly against his larger body; natural instinct making you thrash and bite at him, though futile. Wrenching your jaw open with his thumb—a rumbling laughter shaking your bones and bringing forth tears of honest disturbance in your soul—he met your fearful gaze. The blue was gone, replaced by a bold aureate shade that spoke nothing but mirth and excitement from your fear.

"Much better...Anger is so bitter on you, but Fear? Nothing can beat it, especially when you try so hard to fight it off. A monster in so many ways, yes, but nothing can stop human Fear, little one..."

Before you could choke out an answer, his tongue slithered hotly along your own; thick and viscous saliva flooding your mouth. You winced as the sharpness of his claws tore through the silken gloves and pierced your tongue enough to draw blood. At the scent, the creature pulled his hand away to press a bruising kiss to your lips; his own lengthy tongue thrusting deeply into your mouth to sop up the metallic taste. Something akin to a purr rumbled in his chest—hunger evident when you found yourself hooking your legs around his waist and pressing closer.

There was a stirring between your thighs as he spun around to seat himself onto the chair; claws wrenching your head back by the roots. The loss was broken, but only so he could lick a hot trail up the column of your neck and flick playfully at your earlobe. His laughter rumbled down your spine—dangerous and lustful.

"Now...Tell me all about your insignificant human complaints and I'll pretend it even matters. Also, I saw Jasmine steal your red velvet muffin on her break."

You snapped your head down to meet his gaze, finding that he was barely holding his fit of giggles inside. Maybe it was the mania setting in, but you felt your face crack into a grin at the abrupt change in mood; laughter spilling past your lips. Playfully, you hit his chest and groaned in defeat, though the smile greatly betrayed any frustration. "If you saw the bitch do it, why didn't you stop her!?"

The ridge of his brow pushed upward. "Because you actually *like* her."

"I do not! She steals my muffins, shorted out my charger and almost ran into my car last week!"

"And you haven't asked for me to eat her yet, despite knowing she has an irrational fear of spiders."

The smirk across his face could only be defined as smug, especially when you couldn't strum together a reasonable lie.

"You are absolutely *precious* when you can't lie."

"I'm not making peppermint bark anymore."

Instantly, there was mild panic on his face, followed by a semblance of a pout. "That's not fair!!"

You leaned forward and kissed his nose real quick before bouncing off his lap to scrounge for food. He crinkled at the sickeningly sweet gesture, but found himself trailing after you a few minutes later; content to watch you from the doorway.

Just another Thursday night in Derry.

Author's Note:

Yes. The thing that gave me fear as a child and gave me my clown phobia is the thing helping me get past it.

I want to fuck the clown. Let me work out my issues this way.

Also, I believe that Pennywise would assign anger as a bad smell or taste; bitter and tough, maybe.

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